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Humdrum

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Humdrum

Lina Gebhardt

I drink orange juice after brushing my teeth,
I put too much pepper on my eggs -
How I long for change again.

I prefer my morning coffee to tea,
A part of my routine that hasn't gotten to me.
I sip 'till I see my nose in the mug
Then take a warm shower,
Where I'm wrapped like a hug.

I check my reflection and part my hair,
Long enough to see my brother there.
Put on clean underwear worn many times,
I look at my phone until it chimes:

11:11
The fifth time this week,
If numbers could talk

How would they speak?

If numbers could speak,
Would I still bore?
I wonder if life has more in store.

Feeling humdrum, a victim of time: just another passerby,
Temporarily occupied theorizing the 'whys'.

The routine with no end
When I find myself in bed
I wish for sugar plum fairies
To resume their dance in my head
I sleep with my feet hanging off the bed
Thinking of readings I haven't yet read,
ThinkingThinkingThinking
There is no stop.

Victims then to the time clock.
I check my phone, to no surprise:
11:11 Viewed with my side-eye.
If then,
All is subject to change
Why does life feel relatively the same?
Weary from my repeat
Not yet losing the game.
I wish I could take my reflection
And put it in a new frame.